JARED SPARKS.

AN ELABORATE BIOGRAPHY OF THE FIRST EDITOR OF WASHINGTON'S WRITINGS.

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF JARED SPARKS. Comprising selections from his journals and correspondence. By Herbert B. Adams Two volumes. Pp. ii., 572; xviii., 639. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Why should Jared Sparks have a two volum biography? This question, it is to be imagined, will occur at the outset to every reader. He was not a man of action in the ordinary sense of the term. His name is not intimately associated, at all events, in the minds of the populace with any great political movement. It was comparatively late in his life that he won distinction as a public speaker outside of the pulpit, and then his success was plainly an affair of matter, rather than manner. A memory enriched by life-long study of a varied gave charm to an otherwise colorless and almost monotonous style. His acquaintance on both sides of the Atlantic was very large, but a man's biographical value is rarely estimated by the list of his friends. Even the long series of learned honors that fell to his lot would not warrant the present elaborate treatment of his career.

Professor Adams's work is the best answer to the question. Those who differ from him as to the needs and methods of biography will nevertheless be bound to acknowledge the intrinsic interest of his subject as he has presented it, largely in Sparks's own words. He does not appeal to the multitude, but rather to that large and growing class whose tastes and education give them habits like those of Jared Sparks, or endow them at least with appreciation for his labors. People who have had training in library work will not skip many paragraphs in the story of Sparks's researches in the archives of various States, and in London and Paris. Those who like to watch the conquest of diplomatic difficulties will be gratified by the story of a quiet scholar's success where the aspect of men and things at the outset was most forbidding. Those who delight in a startling discovery will never forget the famous episode of "The red-line map." Those who love a self-made man in the good sense of the word will admire the course of Sparks from the meagre environment of his childhood up to wide opportunities of a president of Harvard College.

Not that the story of Sparks's youth was unusual. It was that of many a studious or gifted boy in past American life. He was fortunate, however, in a cast of mind well suited to his surroundings. A youngster who took delight in mathematics was sure to find something to his taste in the Connecticut school of early days, and books on that subject were more accessible than those on other topics. Those who remember the struggles of a studious boyhood will agree that the mere discovery of a given book's existence, no matter what language it is in, is half the battle with it. To know what one wants and not to know where to turn for it-that is the agony of ignorance. With a copy of Ferguson-a boy who was teaching himself astronomy could not have chosen a better book-young Sparks made a cross-staff that served his purpose, and from the outset began to keep a record of his observations. His vigils beneath the stars gave him a strange pepute among the simple-minded neighbors. "He had always been spoken of as the genius." writes Professor Adams, "but now men began to believe that he was an evil genius." He had an intimate friend, Ansel Young, who shared his astronomical studies. "Young's father solemnly adjured his son, who had been to sea and earned a little money, not to lend a penny of it to that young Sparks, who plainly was dealing with evil spirits."

Sparks developed as he grew older an aptitude for general learning quite as remarkable as his early turn for mathematics. His first venture with Latin was under the guidance of the Rev. Hubbell Loomis, father of a distinguished Yale professor, and his first examination was conducted by the Rev. Abiel Abbot. Though the young man had only been eight weeks at work, the tune of 200 lines a day. Mr. Abbot's inquest on his achievement led almost immediately to his going to Phillips Exeter Academy, which was under the administration of the famous Dr. Benjamin Abbot. Sparks was then a man grown. Doubtless he looked like a giant among his immature contemporaries. Most of them were thoroughbreds, trained to careful study and to quickness in the recitation room; but Sparks appears to have been by no means at a disadvantage among them. After he quitted the Academy there seems to have been some hesitancy between Yale and Harvard, but finally he chose the latter. College life was varied by intervals of teaching. As a tutor in a private family at Havre de Grace, Md., he witnessed the outrages committed by British forces in the War of 1812, and his first contribution to American history was a record of what he saw on that occasion. Of course he little dreamed then that most of his life would be given up to American

His ambition as a young college man was to become a preacher. He joined with sedate but gradually heightened enthusiasm the Unitarian movement, and after a course in divinity obtained the pastorate of a newly organized church in Baltimore. As he took more or less pleasure in good-natured controversy, the labors of this position were for a time congenial to him. But it was less as a preacher than as an essayist that he displayed his power. A printing press was the indispensable adjunct of his labors. His two sermons a week be came only a trifling part of his task. greater part of his energy and thought was devoted to a religious magazine, which he founded and carried on for a period of years. Often he was himself his only contributor. His first book belonged to the field of religious polemics. It was entitled "Letters on the Ministry, Ritual and Doctrines of the Protestant Episcopal Church." It was this book which led Jefferson to write to him: "In this I see nothing in which I am likely to differ materially from you." Indeed, many distinguished politicians in those days seem to have had a warm side for Unitarianism. Calhoun even went so far as to predict its rapid spread over the whole coun-Against considerable opposition, Sparks was in 1821 chosen to be chaplain of the House of Representatives. In short, during the whole of his brief career as a pastor he kept up a very decided religious movement. But so thoroughly was he convinced at its close of his mistake in the choice of his life work that he destroyed all his sermons.

in the South, contributed to the building up in him of a conception of national character wholly different from the somewhat parrow view prevalent in New-England. His Boston friends criticized his tone in religious controversy. He replied, in effect, with some asperity, that they did not know what they were talking about, that they had no notion of the tastes and temper of people with whom Though, as has been remarked, he took a certain pleasure in controversy, he had few traits of the reformer. He loved devices for getting rid of disagreeable problems. His remedy for slavery was col-When his sympathies were outraged by the whipping of a negro in Georgia, he merely wondered why such cruelty should be exercised in public. "Never in my life," he wrote, "have I felt my indignation rise so The laws ought not to suffer such exhibitions in public. Let cruel masters exercise their tortures in private, the feelings of society by giving vent to their their tortures in private, and not outrage

His residence at Havre de Grace, Baltimore

and Washington, and his visits to various places

inhuman passions." Such comments have almost the look at the present day of being intentionally humorous. Sparks evidently cared far more for his own sensibilities than he did for the lacerated back of the miserable slave. While he was still a student of theology

the infant "North American Review." he finally abandoned the pulpit, it was only to return to "The Review," for he had now discovered that he was born to be an editor, and not a preacher. "It is only by tracing out the various lines of thought by him introduced into 'The North American,' and by reading selections from his extensive correspondence as editor of the magazine," says Professor Adams, "that we can even begin to realize what he did toward widening the American range of interest and developing American independence in literaturand science. Mr. Spark's first connection with 'The North American Review,' in 1817 and 1818 when he was a tutor and a theological student at Cambridge, has already been described in a previous chapter. We have seen how, even at that carly period, he introduced into 'The Review' a fresh current of original contributions to American history, together with interesting reviews of African exploration. That current has breadened and deepened in American literature, until now its yearly volume dismays the boldest student. That interest in the Dark Continent which Sparks was one of the first to quicken in America has grown from nore to more, until modern newspapers and magazines have been filled with the achieve ments of Livingstone and Stanley." Sparks's most important early contribution to the magazine was doubtless his narrative of the British outrages at Havre de Grace. It was an unconscious premonition of his lifework. What he wrote about African exploration has a personal ing fervor their untruth. Even those who sympainterest. There was one theme on which he had vivid sentiment and a prefound enthusiasm. The example of the wandering American, Ledyard, stirred his heart. For years he meditated a journey of African exploration. But his young manhood slipped away, and the reminder of his youthful hopes lies imbedded in the early volumes of "The North American Review," and in the biography of Ledyard, of which its author's estimate was: "It makes no pretension to learning, wisdom, philosophy or polities. It only aims to tell a simple story in

As a broad-minded American, he was interested not merely in the United States, but in the other nationalities of the New World. He saw the benefits of alliance to the States of South America, and seems to have anticipated hope fully a plan of reciprocal benefits, in which the United States could be a participator. An article of his in 1826 led to an interview with Henry Clay, then Secretary of State, which Sparks recorded in his journal. In his article Sparks had gone into details respecting the plans and wishes of the South Americans; but, as Clay complained, the essay "to have been the most serviceable and best suited to the times should have proceeded to state explic itly the advantages to be derived to the United States from a un'on with them at the Congress of Panama." Sparks added: "Mr. Clay spoke freely and without the least reserve concerning the policy of this country in its intercourse with South America, and dwelt particularly on the immense importance of establishing commercial relations on the principles of perfect reciprocity."

a plain way."

All these varied intellectual enterprises may well be looked upon as needful preliminaries for the work which Sparks undertook before he quit the editorial charge of "The North American Review." This was his edition of the works of Washington. Much controversy has been indulged in early and late as to the manner in which Sparks executed his great task. Professor Adams manfully defends his hero. If it is only remembered that Sparks's work antedates the era of what may be called scientific editing, then the whole battle on the subject will seem triffing. The case is the same with every enterprise to which scientific rules can be applied. It was a great mistake on Schliemann's part, for example, to proceed so ruthlessly as he did in his excavations at ble, makes two divisions. Incontinence and Malice, Hissarlik. But what archaeologist of that day of which the latter is subdivided into Violence and was conscious of the mistake until it was too Fraud, whereof Fraud is still further subdivided was already marching through Virgil to late. So, in the case of Washington's writings, into General and Special." The scheme thus de- Fairy Tales' better than little nursery novelettes. Sparks followed traditions which were good enough for his predecessors. Only gradually, as another more literal method came into vogue, was his work looked upon as defective Even then, as was shown in the controversy with Lord Mahon, Sparks had much to say in his own defence, and everything he had to say was pertinent to the case. In the prosecution of this great enterprise

Sparks visited the capital and studied the archives of every one of the original colonies besides those of the National Government Then he went to London, and, in the face of opposition that would have dismayed many men, obtained the privilege of studying the papers relating to American affairs that were in the possession of the various departments of the British Government. It was the expressed conviction, forced upon him by the study of these English records, that the mother country had a better case than she had been credited with, which started the movement culminating in the history written by Lord Mahon. At Paris Sparks had to meet and vanquish similar opposition. He not only did this, but he also had the good fortune to make a discovery which helped later to avert a boundary war with Great Britain, and to promote the Webster-Ashburton treaty. In the first place he found a letter of Franklin to Count de Vergennes, in dicating the existence of a map on which the boundary between Maine and New-Brunswick had been traced in accordance with the agree ment between the American and British pleni potentiaries in 1782-'83. Then he found a mar which though it had no official mark, what ever, was distinguished by just such a "strong red line" as Franklin had mentioned. The rec line did not support American claims. Arme with this knowledge, and with the aid of Sparks in Maine, it was possible for Webster then Secretary of State, to bring the Legislature of Maine into a better humor, while the ignorance of the British Foreign Office left him free to complete the negotiations as though the red-line map were not in existence.

In short, Professor Adams's work is volumin ous, but it is worth reading. It is illustrated with several portraits of Sparks, and of hi first and second wife. The book really owes its existence to the affection of the latter, though she died before it was completed.

GOLDWIN SMITH'S VERSE.

A TINY ANTHOLOGY FROM THE LATIN POETS.

BAY LEAVES. Translations from the Latin poets. By Goldwin Smith, D. C. L. Pp. xii, 89. Mac-millan & Co.

These fragments of the Latin poets Lucretius, Catulius, Tibulius, Propertius, Ovid, Horace, Seneca, Lucan, Martial and Claudian turned to English show the translator as a scholarly man of the world rather than as a poet. The verse is smooth and good, the rhymes are in general correct, the meaning of the original is given with more accuracy than he claims. But there are verses where the temper, the genius and the artistic skill of ar author culminate, and these are the supreme test of the translator's poetic gift. There is a line in the first book of the "Pharsalia," often quoted, which expresses with seven words all the bitter scepticism of Lucan's disposition, and at the same time exemplifies his rhetorical skill. Compare that -Victrix caussa Deis placuit, sed victa Catoni-

with this couplet of Professor Smith's version: Since either cause had warranty divine, The winning, Heaven's; the losing, Cato, thine The English is neat and precise and gentle; the Latin is a deadly curse. In another case, that is a passage from Lucretius, where Sisyphus is men-

representing poetically the laborious heaving of the one uphill and then its mad rush to the bottom One is bound to remember Homer's swift-rushing Autis epeita," as well as the aspirated deliberation of Pope's monosyllables, "Up the high hill he heaves a huge round stone." Mr. Smith's solution of Sparks had thrust upon him the editorship of the great problem is in these two lines:

What is it but heave uphill amain. The stone which still rolls headlong down again? At least two words, "amain" and "still" could be cancelled without affecting the sense of the passage. A superfluous word in the first line is, of e, not specially objectionable, since it helps to delay the movement. But in the sec where rapidity is indispensable, the needless word 'still" gives a positive shock as if one saw stone stop in full career. On the other hand, where neatness and definess are in question, Pro-Smith often equals his models. Ovid himself did no better with the parrot's epitaph than this:

I pleased the fair. So much this stone dath tell: What more! I talked, and, for a bird, talked well. The little introduction to this volume makes on wish for more. It is good criticism. To link the name of Catullus with that of Eyron, Tibullus with Tickell and Shenstone, Ovid with Pope, Lucan with Dryden, is a vivid way of realizing some pe-culiarities of each poet. A noteworthy fact is that in order to picture a modern period most like the first centuries of the Roman Empire, the critic has to go back to the Georgian era. In the light of that fact and of the more intimate Greek study of the present day, is it altogether true that "a chasm of thought and sentiment separates the translator from 'Aeschylus' which is unknown in the case of the Latin poets?" Doubtless "Gibbon was right in thinking that no age would have ulted him better than that of the Antonines." But Gibbon was the very symbol and voice of an age frankly indifferent to religion, while the present generation can no more let religion alone could the greatest of tragic poets. The most frantic disclaimers on this point betray by their quiverthize with the Atomism and Epicureanism of Lucretius cannot nowadays imitate his calm demeanor toward things really or supposititiously divine. The modern world is not yet as thoughtful as Aeschylus, but it is certainly swinging toward his point of view and toward his intensity. Let us hope so, at least; the Latin world was vexatiously monotonous in its mental life.

The edition of these poems is limited to 250 copies. It will certainly be thought that they might have interested a wider circle.

A NEW VIEW OF DANTE.

SUGGESTIONS MORE CLEVER THAN ACCU-RATE.

DANTE'S INFERNO. A Commentary. By Den-ton J. Snider. Pp. 472. Sigma Publishing Com-

pany.

If Mr. Snider had carefully erased about 99 per cent of the words ending in "esque sed he would have made a better book. It argues a meagreness not only of language, but of the critical faculty, to repeat on every page and in the face of every startling thought or picture suggested by Dante that each is grotesque. Besides, in nine cases out of ten the statement is not true. It is only the critic who is grotesque. Not that Mr. Snider lacks insight. His book is

entertaining and suggestive in spite of its manner-isms. His learning appears to be drawn largely from that royal commentator on Dante who goes by the name of Philalethes. But he has opinions of his own, and he supports them with ability. For example, he will not allow the ethical division of the "Inferno" into three parts. He makes two-Incontinence and Malice- and insists that the posed division of bestjality exists only as an additional mark of all the separate regions of hell. "It is the putting of the Beast in man uppermost, the subjection of the reason to the animal. Dante has some form of the Beast in every circle usually at the entrance, as we shall soon see. It would be the very folly of superfluity to have a special circle for Bestiality and then to have a beast in every circle." He denies that Dante, by classification of human offenders, meant to approve attention of his readers to the distinction in the eleventh canto between his view and that of Aris totle. "Dante merely cites Aristotle as the first source of the ethical divisions of the 'inferno,' then follows his own improvement upon the Greek philosopher. For Dante, in the plainest manner possilineated works out well, furnishing at least as good an explanation of the poem as the one adopted by

Another point on which Mr. Snider shows som urgency is the supposed Teutonic, or, more specifi cally, Norse and Gothic origin, of much of Dante's imagery. He sees Teutonic popular Meas in the giants, in the congealed aspect of nether most hell, in the names and the lumbering humor of the demons who are set to punish the barrators These creatures of Dante's fancy the commentator declares to be "Gothic flends, not derived from classic mythology, not some commingled form of man and beast, but a wild fantastic product of the imagination." Of course this is only carrying whole bears some analogy to a mediaeval cathe it does not seem as plausible in detail as it does by no means settled how far the so-called Teu tonic mythology is an affair solely of one branch of the Indo-European race. Again, the almost insoluble problem of the mixture of races in the Italian peninsula must cast a doubt on every effort to refer elements of culture or of folk-lore exclusively to any one source. Nevertheless, Mr Snider is very positive about the demons in the ditch of the barrators. "They belonged doubtless to the folk-lore of the time; probably they are an outburst of that hidden Teutonic mythical current which runs, quite unconsciously, through Dante and through all mediaeval Italy," He may and through all mediaeval Italy. be right in this. But the question is really one great difficulty. As long as the dispute continue respecting the Celtic origin of nearly the whole fabric of Norse culture, it will be safe to avoid partisanship as to the folk-lore in Dante. Curiously enough, Mr. Snider is hardly more at-

tached to Teutonic folk-lore than inimical to Celtic romance. The incident in the story of Francesca which Dante mentions, that the reading of Lancelot awoke her and Paolo to love, suggests some work f censure that have a wide range. Mr. Snider more than suspects that Dante's vividness here due to personal experience. "The sympathy and the secret throb of terror in the whole narrative point in the same direction, as well as his denuncia-ation of the book." And he remarks in another place that "Celtism in literature, if that be the right name for it, was the demon that seized Francesca and her lover as its victims, hence Dante puts it into his Inferno, and to-day the spirit of Dante puts it there. Such is the lurid, seductive gleam of the Celtic mythus in the darkness of the In all this there is an object which the reader would hardly conjecture. "Nor must we omance is still fertile to-day, as in Dante's time crop of novels of illicit love, all of which the great ethical poet has here typically flung into his In ferno." Lest this should not be plain enough, Mr. Snider strikes another sounding blow at the object of his dislike, speaking of a "kind of Celtism in literature, very fascinating, but very dangerous, an element which is still fostered and scattere through Europe and the world by the French novel f illicit love." This way of fitting an old story to modern instances is exemplified in other part of Mr. Snider's book. Speaking of barratry, which amounts in modern slang to "boodling," he puts America alongside of the old Italian republics for this form of official corruption. It is sometime startling to have the phases of Dante's poem that seem to this new commentator to be of contemporary human interest pointed out with a sort of flourish. But the method is after all one that enlarges the circle of those who should be attracted by the "Divina Commedia." In view of the principle which actuates Mr. Sni-

der's criticism, namely, that Dante was always conscious of his own hidden meanings, and that every incident of his narrative must be scanned with that thought in view, he certainly misses a very definite case of self-accusation on the part of the poet. The example is worth citing because it applies to a fact in Dante's biography. The poet was himself accused of official corruption by the Florentines. When he gets among the barrators he contrives a humorous drama, divided by Mr. Snider into the required five acts, in which the actors are the damned and himself. Remember, now, that there can be no pain in hell, nor the risk of any, without guilt, That was an axiom with Dante, just as it was with Furseus and with all the other mediaeval visionaries. It was said that Furseus bore all his life the mark that a fiend put upon him; Dante escaped such a fate, but he had a close call, and it was only Virgil's stratagem, not his own innocence, that saved him. Surely if Dante means to have every scrap of his verse interpreted according to the law just intentioned, he cannot evade the suspi-cion that he was guilty of corruption in Florence The point is worthy of particular consideration at the hands of those critics who have drawn serious conclusions from the silence of Virgil in the pres-

ence of Brunetto Latini.

Mr. Snider makes a clever point in showing how Dante himself becomes demoniac in his delight ver the sufferings of certain ones whom he had known. In general his comment will be found more useful from his own thinking than from his learning. He is positively reckless in some of his the ories. Thus, alluding to the remark attributed by Dante to a demon respecting the collapse of a certain infernal arch at the time of Christ's death, he From this cause the surface is now broken and rocky, as if it had been harrowed; hence we have what is called the 'harrowing of hell' in the old mediaeval plays." If that does not give the students of the ancient English plays and legends a shock of surprise, it will be hard to invent anything to astonish them. Mr. Salder-and he is no alone in this-admires Dante's theory of attraction and gravitation and speaks of it as if it were the anticipation of a modern discovery. But the fact is that Dante held exactly the view of Macrobins and Ptolemy and many other ancients that the centre of the earth was the centre of the uni-They all knew well enough that from this centre every direction was upward, but they imagattraction. When Mr. Snider speaks of the distance between the empyrean and the place where Satar is frozen in as equal to the diameter of the universe he makes a serious blunder in Dantean cos-The distance was equal to the radius of the Ptolemaic universe. Dante simply could not have imprisoned the devil anywhere except in the centre of the universe, since that was the point where the adversary would be furthest from the all-embracing Deity.

The book is respectably printed and is calculated to awaken interest in Dante among people who have probably paid him little amention hitherto.

LITERARY NOTES.

Miss Olive Schreiner's new book is to bear the title "Dream Life and Real Life"-one which is suggestive of a certain piece of American literature. The volume is to contain not one long story, but a couple of short ones.

Edward Fitzgerald is buried in the little English churchyard of Boulge in Suffolk, and at his grave the other day a group of literary people gathered for an interesting ceremony, the planting of a rose tree. Almost ten years ago an Englishman took a handful of hips from the rose trees near the grave of Omar Khayyam at Naishapur-roses planted, as one of his pupils records, in obedience to the poet's wishes. "I often used to hold conversations with my teacher, Omar Khayyam, in a garden," writes this pupil, "and one day he said to me, 'My tomb shall be a spot where the north wind may scatter roses over it.' The handful of rose hips were sent to England and planted, and with which the galleries have been after several years it was found that one little belong without exception to the after several years it was found that one little bush had sprung up into fairly vigorous life. Now grafted on a sturdy English stock, the rose from Omar's grave is growing above the tomb of Fitzgerald, where it was placed by his friends a few days ago. The following bit of verse was written for the occasion by Mr. Gosse

Reign here, triumphant rose from Omar's grave, Borne by a fakir o'er the Persian wave; Reign with fresh pride, since here a heart is absolute. sleeping That double glory to your Master gave.

Hither let many a pilgrim step be bent To greet the rose re-risen in banishment; Here richer crimsons may its cup be ke Here richer crimsons may its cup be keeping Than brimmed it ere from Naishapur it went.

In a recent public address Mr. Goschen, the Britch financier, made an appeal which had a strange ound coming from one who is supposed to be a thoroughly prosaic man. He asked that to young people should be given books which would exercise their imagination, "What I want for the young." he said, "are books and stories which do not sim ply deal with our daily life. I prefer 'Alice in Wonderland,' as a book for children, to those little stories of 'Tommics' and 'Freddies,' which are but little photographs of the lives of 'Tommies' and 'Freddies' who read the books. I like Grimm's fore stimulating food than images of their own little lives; and I confess I am sorry for the chilfren whose imaginations are not sometimes brightened by beautiful fairy tales, or by other tales in which their future will be passed. Doubtless boys and girls like photographs of the sayings and foliags of other boys and girls-school life sketched with realistic fidelity-and doubtless many young people like love stories similar to those through which they may have to pass themselves. But there is little imagination in all this. The facts are fictitious, but the life is real. Do not misunterstand me. It is not that I wish to combin struction with amusement in what is often a hone less alliance. I do not wish to stint young people of amusing books. But I will tell you what I do like for boys and girls. I like to see boys and girls amuse themselves with tales of adventure stories of the seas, of mountains, of wars, with

Lieutenant-Commander J. D. Jerrold Kelley has written a history of the United States Navy which will soon be published.

The first English edition of Mr. Stevenson's "David Balfour" consisted of 10,000 copies. This was soon exhausted and a second edition has just

A forthcoming book which ought to be attractve is one called "Weather-Lore." It is a collecion of facts, traditions, proverbs and folk sayings concerning the weather.

Mrs. Celia Thaxter's cottage on the Isle of Shoals s described by "The Chantauquan" as perched on t rock, half hidden by a screen of vines and sur rounded by a garden brilliant with old-fashioned her soft gray gown. "Her figure has the her step the elasticity of youth, hardly belied by the masses of white hair artistically arranged above ness of an observer of nature and her musical voice speaks a sympathetic spirit."

The beautiful monument to Kit Marlowe, not ong ago crected in his native town of Canterbury, does not please the townspeople because they don't the dramatist's memory, and don't approve of the sculptured Muse which decorates the memorial. A request for a photograph of this monment at a Canterbury shop turned rigid at one the venerable dame who attended, "Dear me, no!" she said acridly, "there would be no sale for that!" and into the "that" she compressed volumes of co tempt. Plied with other queries, "No, we don't take any interest in it here," she said with an air of finality, but then added grudgingly, "I know Irving, the actor, came down at the time and made a speech about it, and that's all I do know. But it's been rarely laughed at since! We all of us much preferred our old butter market."

An American edition of Mr. Saintsbury's anthology entitled "A Calendar of Verse," will be issued immediately by Whittaker.

A young German named Hauptmann, who is both poet and prose writer, is called by his admirers the modern Goethe. While denying that he is a Goethe as yet, an English critic declares that there are "signs of true genius" in his work-that some of it is "alive with genius.

Miss Frances Courtenay Baylor's novel, "Clau dia," has just been brought out in London The coming publication season in that city prom ises to be an active one. Nearly 2,000 new book and new editions have just been announced

The sermon which appears in General Lew Wal lace's new book as one delivered from the pulpit of St. Sophia is said to contain the statement of the author's own religious beliefs

EXHIBITIONS AND OTHER TOPICS.

LEADING EVENTS OF AN "OFF YEAR"-THE LOAN EXHIBITION AT THE ACADEMY-PLANS OF THE PERMANENT ORGANIZATIONS -ONE-MAN SHOWS-CAZIN, ZORN,

PENNELL AND RAFFAELLI.

There are elements enough already visible in the artistic situation of the coming season for the reviewer of current events to prophesy as to its robable character. Of exhibitions there will be no lack. Of sales of great collections there may perhaps be a few, but it is certain that none is at present to be announced, though at the same time luring previous years the air has been full of reference is made. that this will be an "off year" owing to the scarwill probably fetch as good prices as at any time in the past. The best always finds a purchaser. Nevertheless, there is no doubt at all that collectors who are not forced by the financial stringency to sell their treasures at once will fight shy of a possible, though improbable, flasco. They will postpone their sales for brighter times. The season of 1884-95 is much more likely than the present to ee the breaking up of large art collections. It has been said that where the financial condition of the country will most seriously affect transacin the art world will be in the sphere of small figures, in the sphere of pictures selling for less than \$1,000. The buyers who can afford pictures of this class are, by the comparative slenderness of their incomes, compelled to be cautious in a time of commercial depression. The very wealthy patrons of art can weather the period and still gratify their tastes. There is of course the chance that some action at Washington may reanimate trade and indirectly affect the picture market here. These be sordid reflections, but they are unavoidable, for they bear upon the prospects for exhibitions in New-York this winter. That the prospects are still good, when all considerations have been

taken into account, will appear from the calendar

nfer to fertile winter, in matters of art in New-York, has been extremely abrupt. In three importent galleries this summer an effort has been made to maintain the atmosphere into which, as a rule, they have suddenly emerged in the autumn. At the ard, Monet, Weir and Twachtman, which were Avenue Art Galleries there has only just been withings belonging to Mr. T. B. Clarke, which was brought forward some time later, and, unfortu-rately for The Tribune's reviewer, in the full swing Fair had begun to divert attention from doings in until the middle of November. During the few closing weeks of its existence, this fine exhibition deserves a large attendance, which we earnestly urge art students and amateurs to see that it enjoys. It is fine with reservations, but the latter relate to only one section of the exhibition, that comprehending the paintings. The other works of art filled rank. The corridor is decorated with some superb rare old enamels and beautiful silver bindings from the hands of early artists in France, Germany and Italy. In seven cases placed in the south gallery are unique groups of decorated Chinese porcelain, perfect little collections of both blue and black hawthorn, rose and other valuable types. Elsewhere there are equally brilliant exhibits of singlef rare Greek vases, a great amphora of impressive dimensions and beauty, and, most welcome of all, a quantity of antique statuettes in terra cotta. The north gallery shelters another case of enamel lection of curious, rare and extremely artistic Chinese bronzes. served in the assembling of these objects could not be too highly praised. They all come from the galleries and cabinets of private connoisseurs and represent, in each department, the best phase of the art illustrated. From the Oriental bronzes, for example, it is possible to get such a knowledge of the strange, vivid naturalism, the extraordinary manual cleverness and finesse, the coloristic taste and the supersensitive finish of the old Chinese workers in metal, as only one exhibition in a hundred is qualified to impart.

The pictorial side of the Loan Exhibition is unover chiefly of the famous Bel- I r mont collection, and this, which was mostly formed prior to the sixties, is too thoroughly dominated by the tepid Frenchmen, Belgians and Germans of that time to touch the sympathies of the present generation, Achenbach, Merle, Leys, Vernet, De Keyser, Delaroche, Willems and Chavet have ceased to be names to conjure with, or, if they are still potent to charm in the case of a man like Delaoche, it is by virtue of work other than that in the Belmont collection. The latter takes its one from the men we have named, which is equivalent to saying that weak color and weaker handling are its distinguishing features. On the other hand, it contains a few excellent pictures by Clays, Bosboom, Rico, Frere, Diaz, Hebert, Fromentin, Daubigny and Troyon, and these contribute to render the exhibit of paintings interesting. There is furthermore shown, outside the Beiment collection, a little company of old and eighteenth century musters, which strengthens the exhibition considerably. The two portraits by Gainsborough, ' David Garrick " and ' are inferior works, and the "Portrait of Caroline Wilson," by Sir Thomas Lawrence, is no more felicitously representative of that master. These are the introders. The lovely "Portrait of the Counters of Northumberland," by Sir Joshua, so fine in touch and so peliucid in color; the "Portrait of Miss Wells," by Romney; the "Mrs. Gwyn." of Hoppner; the two graceful Lelys, are full of the distinction and charm of old English art. Three sortraits by Gilbert Stuart, including the "Gibbs Channing" portrait of Washington, show the great-est of the earlier artists of America at his best, Some pictures by Drouais, Sandraert, Greuze and Van Goyen introduce a strain of old Contintental art. Supplementing these, and not to be conounded with the Belmont pictures, are works b Lenbach, Delacroix and Tassaert which are worth a visit to the Academy. A great deal of what is there is deserving of attention and we take leave of the exhibition in this brief note with a recommendation as hearty as that with which it has been approached above.

The continuance of the loan exhibition at the

Academy into November will postpone the opening of the twelfth autumn exhibition there until Monday, December 18. Works for the exhibition, which is to close on Saturday, January 13, will be received from Friday, November 24, to Monday November 27, inclusive. The jury of selection com prises the following names: E. H. Blashfield, J. R. Brevoort, J. B. Bristel, George De F. Brush, Charles Calverley, J. W. Champney, M. F. De Haas, Frederick Dielman, F. Fowler, R. S. Gifford, H. Hamilton, William Hart, J. Scott Hartley R. C. Minor, Thomas Moran, J. F. Murphy, W. L. Palmer, W. Shirlaw, W. Thompson and Carleton Wiggins, The Hanging Committee is to be com-posed of F. Dielman, R. Swain Gifford and George De F. Brush, The circulars of the American Water Color Society are not yet out, but the annual exhibition of that body will presumably be opened at the Academy soon after the closing of the autumn show. The New-York Water Color Club goes this year to the galleries of the Ameri can Fine Arts Society, in Fifty-seventh-st., open ing its fourth annual exhibition there toward the close of November. The Society of American Artists, which holds its exhibitions in these galleries, will not open until March. Circulars ing all information are promised for the 1st of January. The first of the Union League Club's monthly exhibitions will be opened on the second Thursday of next month. The usual occasiona exhibitions at the Groller may be expected, but no announcements concerning them have yet been made, nor are there any data available relating to the regular November opening of the Metropoli tan Museum of Art. The only rumor touching the latter which has been set afloat is to the effect that Mr. Watts has expressed his intention of giving one of his pictures now at the World's Fair to the museum. It was stated in this place last February, on the authority of the London papers, Watts was sending a version of his "Love and Life" to Chicago which he contemplated "pre senting to the Nation." Its local destination wa not then known. We supposed it would be given to the Art Institute on the Lake Front, but in spite

souls, the rather jovial fiends, and, finally, Virgil THE CHRONICLE OF ARTS. of our kindly feeling for that institution, we trust Mr. Watts's donation may be true.

> In December and January the Sculpture Society founded last May will hold its first exhibition. The scene of its initial public venture has not thus far been made known. The purpose of this society is in the last degree admirable, for it embraces much more than is commonly brought within the domain of "plastic art." .ne art of the sculptor, in its most familiar sense, will be made most prominent in the exhibition, but the latter will also be open to the stone cutter, the wood carver and the bronze founder, to ceramic artists and cabinet makers and to workers in metal of eyery description. At a meeting of organization held in spring the society formulated its aims thus: "To spread the knowledge of good sculpture, foster the taste for and encourage the production of ideal sculpture for the household; promote the decoranews concerning dispersals of the sort to which tion of public buildings, squares and parks with The general impression is sculpture of a high class, improve the quality of the sculptor's art as applied to the industries, and prothat this will be an "oil year owing to the said vide from time to time for exhibitions of sculpture and objects of industrial art." We believe it is also intended to issue limited editions of statuettes occasionally, but definite information on this point remains to be secured. Some of the men identifled with the new society in official capacities are Messrs. St. Gaudens, Warner, French, Adams, Ruckstuhl, Ward and Rogers among the sculptors; Messrs. Hunt, White and Hastings among the architects; Messrs. Gilder, Clarke and De Kay among the amateurs; Mr. John Williams among the metal workers; Mr. J. S. Inglis among the wood workers, and Mr. Robert Ellin among the stone cutters. The society starts with a more than laudable prospectus and with a first-rate ex-ecutive. Its opening exhibition will be awaited with the keenest interest. For any information the secretary, Mr. F. Wellington Ruckstuhl, may be addressed at 37 West Twenty-second-st., New-York,

> > The list of forthcoming special exhibitions in

addition to those aiready mentioned is a long one. At the galleries of the American Art Association the sale of Oriental rugs and carpets, which takes place about the first of next month, is to be followed by an exhibition of nearly a hundred paintings by Cazin, the French landscapist, who is now on his way to America. His pictures will shortly give place to a collection of paintings and prin to be sold for the George I. Seney estate. In Febmary or March there will be an exhibition at these For many years the transition from an arid sumgalleries of pictures by Raffaelli, the French painter of artisan types, and another exhibition will be devoted to old masters and old French and English plate. The Art Association possesses an important Van Dyck, a full length, life-size portrait American Art Galleries there remained until recent-ly the interesting impressionistic paintings by Bes-merly in the collection of Lord Caledon. It will bring forward also pictures by Rembrandt, Rubens, discussed in The Tribune last May. From the Fifth | Greuze, Gainsborough, Ant. Moro, and Porbus The Fifth Avenue Art Galleries will be occupied drawn the remarkable collection of American paint- with sales of porcelains all through November and December. In January a party of American artists will combine at this place with an exhibition, closing in a sale at the end of the month, of the exhibition at Chicago. At the Academy of Design the Loan Exhibition, also opened after the sale of pictures by the late A. H. Wyant. Overhead, in the Avery gallery, no special exhibition New-York, is still on view and will remain open will occur until January, when Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith's annual display of Venetian water colors will be thrown open. It will be succeeded by an exhibition of works by Mr. George H. Smillie. At the Holbein Gallery, further up Fifth-ave., there are now on view some sketches by four American artists, Messrs. F. S. Church, W. H. Hyde, T. de Thulstrup and W. Granville Smith. Mr. Church's drawings are characteristic and delightful. They are the merest fragments, but to those who wants a specimen of his art in its most personal guise, tapestries, rugs and velvets, and contains cases of the little collection offers a rare opportunity which they should not fail to seize. Mr. Hyde is a clever draughtsman, but wants ease, grace, and a purer treatment of line. His sketches are hard, and are overburdened with cross-hatching. Mr. Smith also needs to have some stiffness taken out of his manner before his undeniable "chic" can successfully carry his work. His outlines are rigid, Mr. Thulstrup, in some pencil studies made for his illustrations to "The Refugees," reveals more elasticity and spontaneous effectiveness than he has shown in some time. When these artists have evacuated the Holbein galleries, the place will be successively occupied by Robert Reid, Maria a Becket, Stanley Middleton, W. V. Birney and Ruger Donoho, John Lafarge will perhaps hold an exhibition of his works here also.

Boussod, Valadon & Company announce that in November they will exhibit the iliustrations made in water color by Albert Lynch for Th. Bentzon's novel, "Jacqueline," Under the auspices of this house Benjamin Constant is coming again to paint a few portraits in America, and M. Carolus Duran is to pay his first visit here, coming for the same purpose as M. Constant. Durand-Ruei & Company promise an exhibition of Barbizon pictures. At Mr. Macbeth's gallery there will soon be an exhibition of American water colors, and after it two exhibitions given over to a limited number of American figure painters in oil upon one occasion and to American landscapists in the same medium upon another. This gallery has been promedium upon another. This gallery has been promedium upon another. number of American landscapists in the same medium upon another. This gailery has been provided with a new source of interest in the shape of a number of medallions and plaques made and colored by a Mr. Hazeltine of Rhode Island. Plaster is the basis of the preparation used in the manufacture of these articles of decoration, but Mr. Hazeltine has discovered some process whereby he gives them a surface richer in polish than that which plaster affords, and he finishes them with a dark brown tone that is novel and effective. This tone is in itself less sensuously attractive than it might be, and we would be glad to see it medified so as to correspond more nearly to the tint of old bronze, if not to the lighter, ivory tint of old marble. As it is the work is new and artistic, and should be encouraged. The Wunderlich Gallery will exhibit early in November a collection of pastels by Nettleship, the English enimal painter, and will probably, at some future date now unsettled, show a number of new prints by Walstler. At the Keppel Gallery there will be opened next Wednesday an exhibition of the complete etched work of Joseph Pennell, with his illustrations for "Glysyland," and other drawings, some of them unpublished. At the same time there will of them unpublished. plete etched work of Joseph Fennel, with his fillu-trations for "Glpsyland," and other drawings, some of them unpublished. At the same time there will be shown a number of book plates and other en-gravings by C. W. Sherborn, the only line engraver of real strength now living in England. On Novem-her 13 Mr. Keppel will open his fifth annual exhibi-tion of American water colors, and when that is closed he will fill his gallery with etchings, draw-ings and paintings by Anders Zorn, the talented Swedlish artist. The Zorn exhibition will be fol-lowed by one of the works of Raffet, the military, draughtsman of "Napoleon le Petit."

CEAN DUY DEELISH,

('Dear Black Head.") Cean duv deelish, beside the sea I stand and stretch my hands to thee Across the world.
The riderless horses race to shore
With thundering hoofs and shuddering rough
Blown manes uncurled.

Cean duv declish, I cry to thee Beyond the world, beneath the sea. Thou being dead. Where hast thou hidden from the bea' Of crushing hoof and tearing feet Thy dear black head?

Cean duy deelish, 'tis hard to pray With breaking heart from day to day, And no reply:
When the passionate challenge of sky is past
In the teeth of the sea and an angry blast
Goes by.

God bless the woman, whoever she be,
From the tossing waves will recover thee,
And lashing wind.
Who will take thee out of the wind and storm,
Dry the wet face on her bosom warm,
And lips so kind.

I not to know. It is hard to pray,
But I shall for this woman from day to day,
"Comfort my dead,
The sport of the winds and the play of the sea,"
I loved thee too well for this thing to be,
O dear black head!
DORA SIGERSON.

DORA SIGERSON.

THE WINTER LAKES.

By William Wilfred Campbell. Out in a world of death, far to the northward. Under the sun and the moon, under the dusk

Under the day.

Under the glimmer of stars and the purple of sunset's dying.

Wan and waste and white, stretch the great Crags that are black and wet, out of the gray lake

looming
Under the sunset's flush, and the pallid, faint
glimmer of dawn;
Shadowy, ghost-like shores, where midnight surfu
are booming
Thunders of wintry woe over the spaces wan.

Lands that loom like spectres, whited regions of winter. Wastes of desolate woods, deserts of water and shore;
A world of winter and death, within these regions
who enter,
Lost to summer and life, go to return no more.

Moons that glimmer above, waters that lie white Miles and miles of lake far out under the night; Foaming crests of waves, surfs that shoreward thunder. Shadowy shapes that flee, haunting the spaces white.

Lonely hidden bays, moonlit, ice-rimmed, winding, Fringed by forests and crags, haunted by shad-Fringed by forests and crass, haunted by shad-owy shores;
Hushed from the outward strife, where the mighty surf is grinding
Death and hate on the rocks, as sandward and